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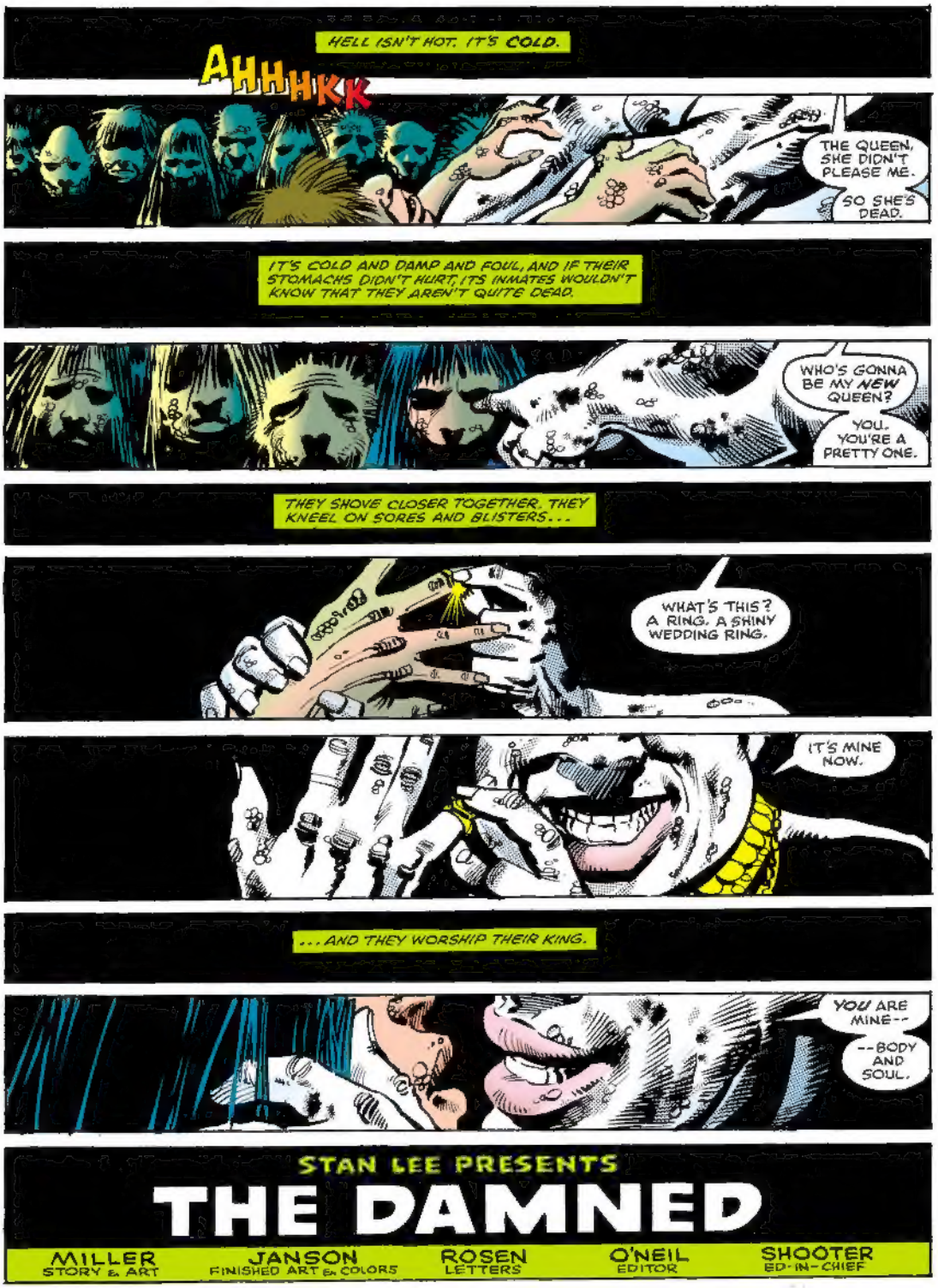
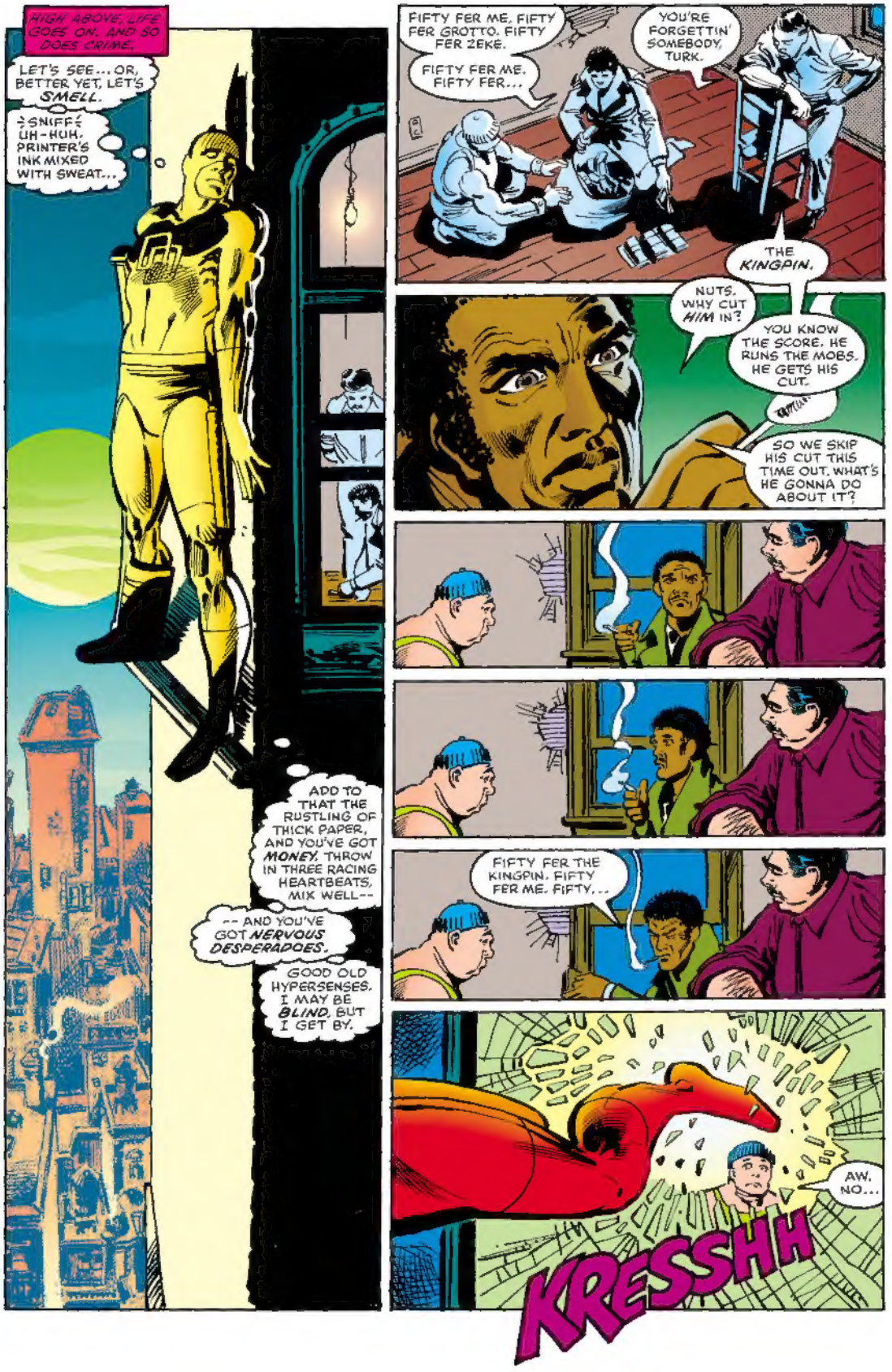
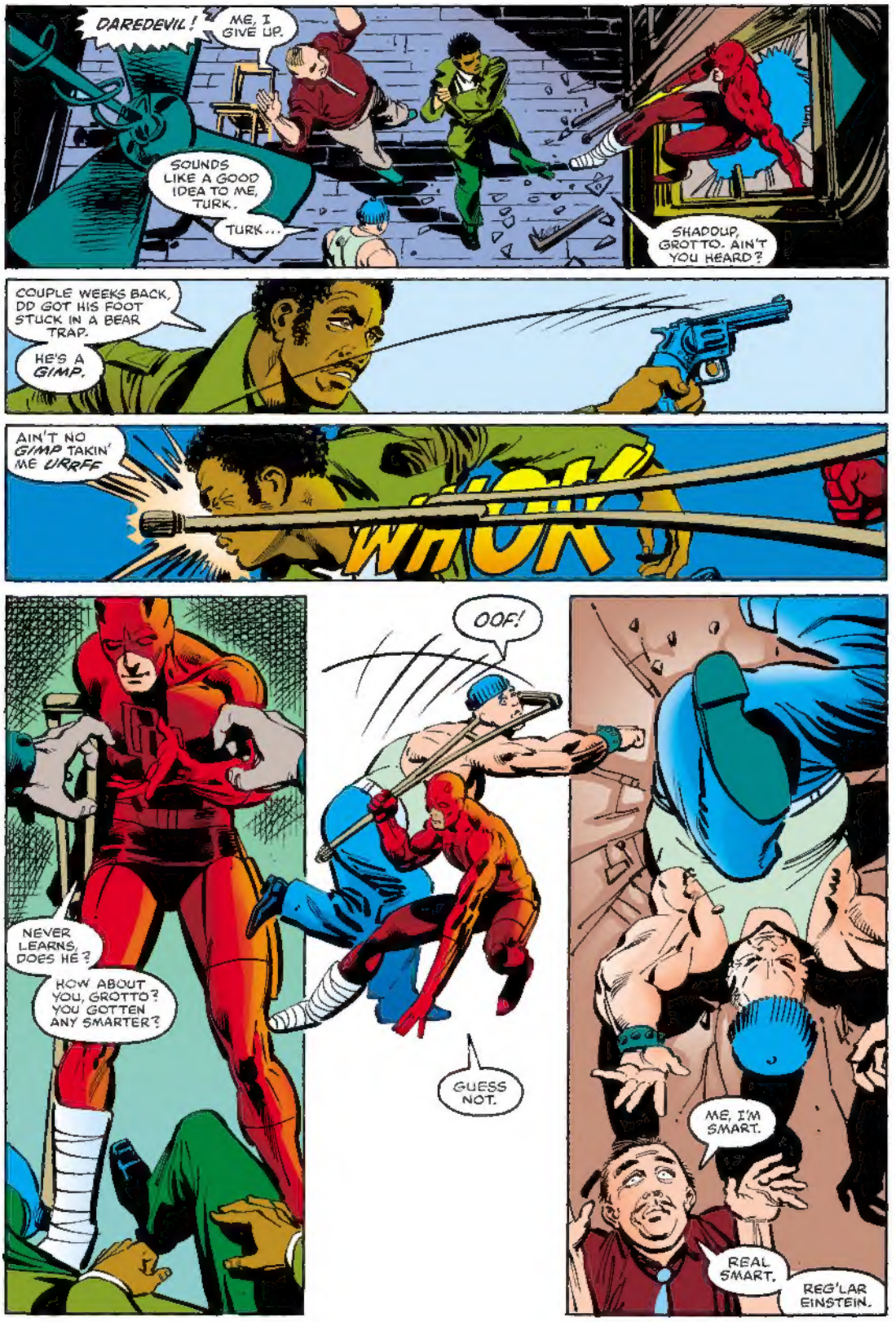
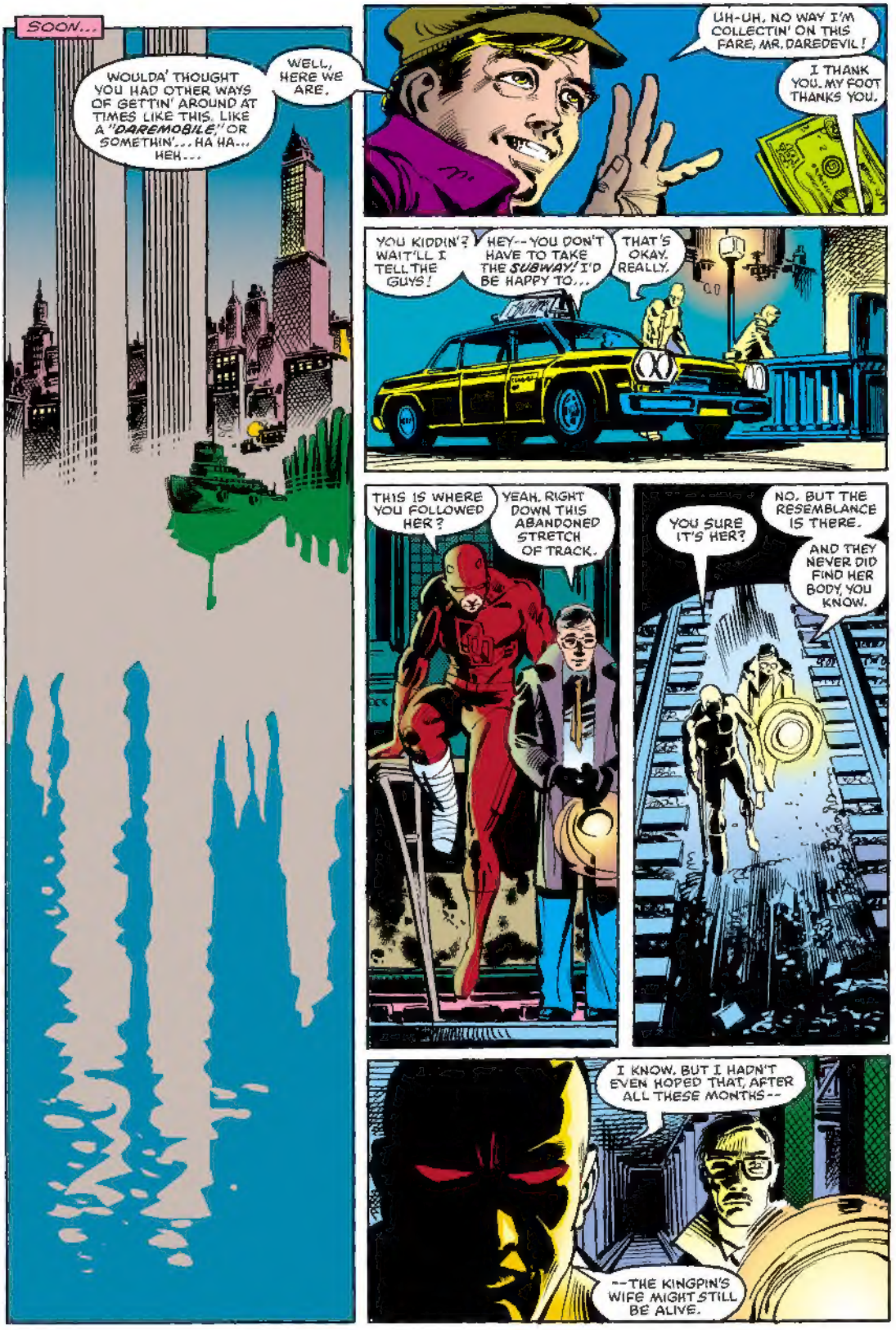
DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!


HELL ISN'T HOT. IT'S COLD.
AHHHHKK
THE QUEEN, SHE DIDN'T PLEASE ME.
SO SHE'S DEAD.
IT'S COLD AND DAMP AND FOUL, AND IF THEIR STOMACHS DIDN'T HURT, ITS INMATES WOULDN'T KNOW THAT THEY AREN'T QUITE DEAD.
WHO'S GONNA BE MY NEW QUEEN?
YOU. YOU'RE A PRETTY ONE.
THEY SHOVE CLOSER TOGETHER. THEY KNEEL ON SORES AND BLISTERS...
WHAT'S THIS? A RING. A SHINY WEDDING RING.
IT'S MINE NOW.
...AND THEY WORSHIP THEIR KING.
YOU ARE MINE--
--BODY AND SOUL.
STAN LEE PRESENTS
THE DAMNED
MILLER STORY & ART
JANSON FINISHED ART & COLORS
ROSEN LETTERS
O'NEIL EDITOR
SHOOTER ED-IN-CHIEF

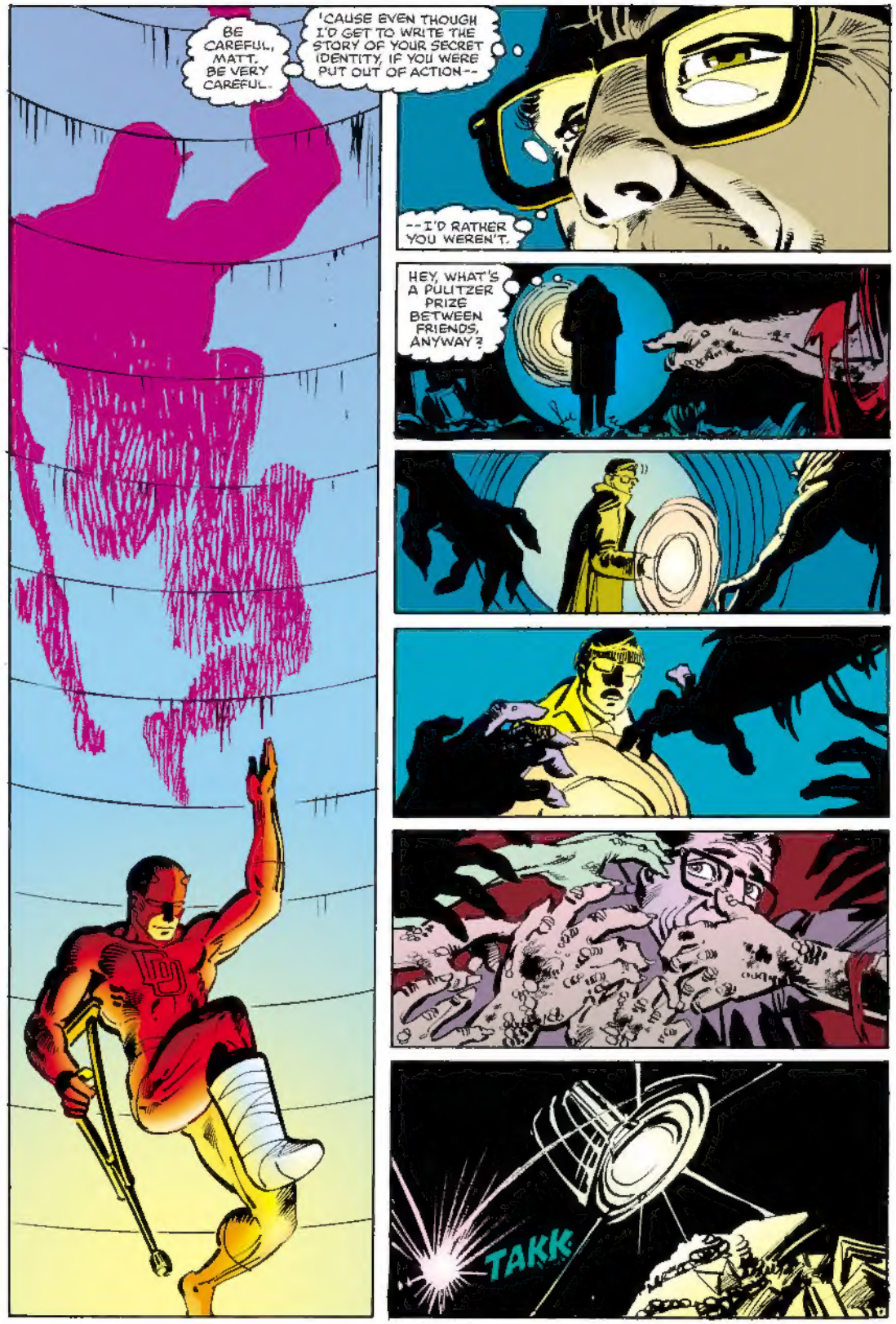

HIGH ABOVE, LIFE GOES ON. AND SO DOES CRIME.
LET'S SEE... OR, BETTER YET, LET'S SMELL.
SNIFF! UH-HUH. PRINTER'S INK MIXED WITH SWEAT...
ADD TO THAT THE RUSTLING OF THICK PAPER, AND YOU'VE GOT MONEY. THROW IN THREE RACING HEARTBEATS, MIX WELL--
-- AND YOU'VE GOT NERVOUS DESPERADOES.
GOOD OLD HYPERSENSES. I MAY BE BLIND, BUT I GET BY.
FIFTY FER ME, FIFTY FER GROTTO. FIFTY FER ZEKE.
FIFTY FER ME. FIFTY FER...
YOU'RE FORGETTIN' SOMEBODY, TURK.
THE KINGPIN.
NUTS. WHY CUT HIM IN?
YOU KNOW THE SCORE. HE RUNS THE MOBS. HE GETS HIS CUT.
SO WE SKIP HIS CUT THIS TIME OUT. WHAT'S HE GONNA DO ABOUT IT?
FIFTY FER THE KINGPIN. FIFTY FER ME. FIFTY...
AW, NO...
KRESSHH

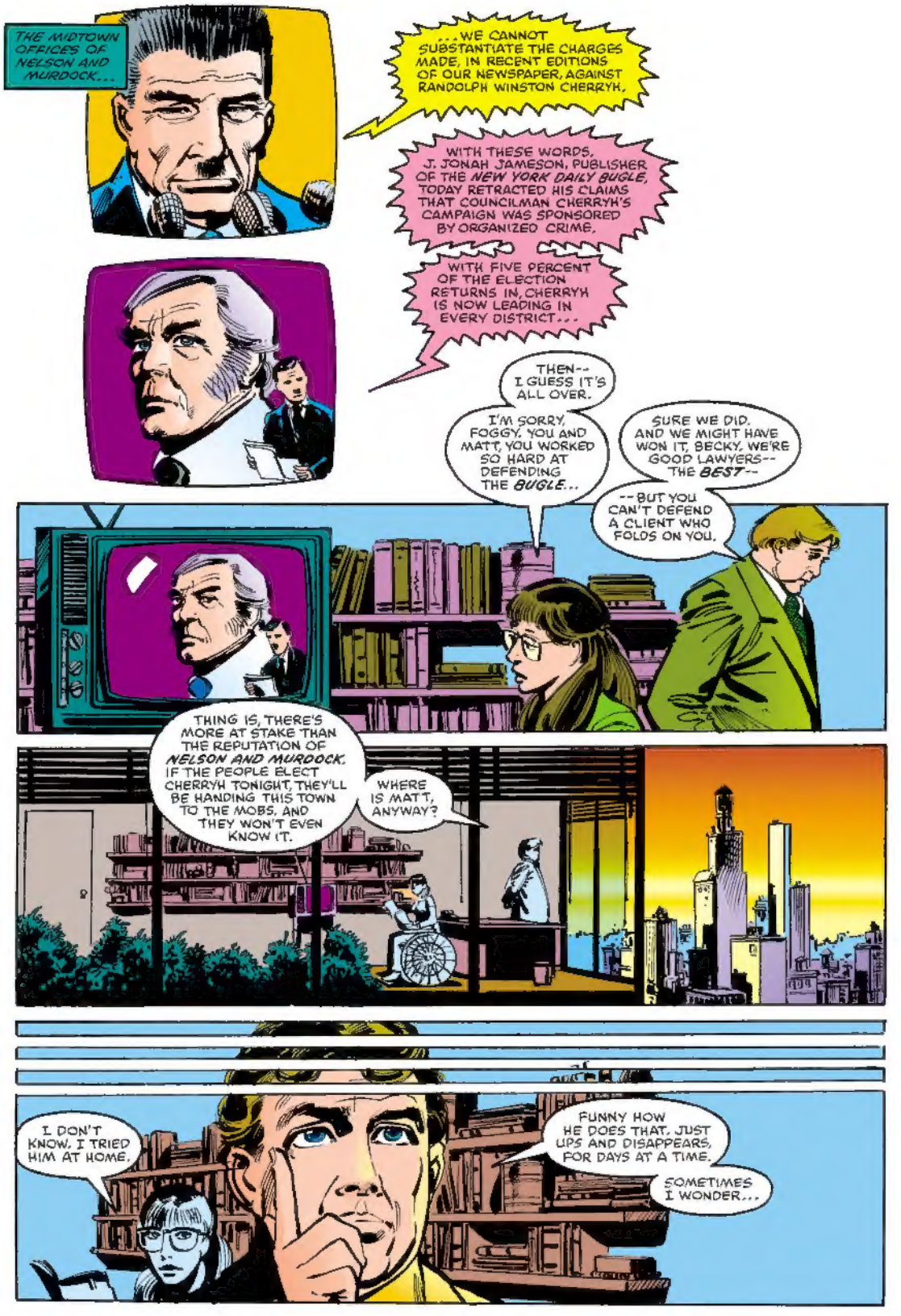

DAREDEVIL!
ME, I GIVE UP.
SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA TO ME, TURK.
TURK...
SHADDUP, GROTTO. AIN'T YOU HEARD?
COUPLE WEEKS BACK, DD GOT HIS FOOT STUCK IN A BEAR TRAP.
HE'S A GIMP.
AIN'T NO GIMP TAKIN' ME URRFF
WHOK
OOF!
NEVER LEARNS, DOES HE?
HOW ABOUT YOU, GROTTO? YOU GOTTEN ANY SMARTER?
GUESS NOT.
ME, I'M SMART.
REAL SMART.
REG'LAR EINSTEIN.

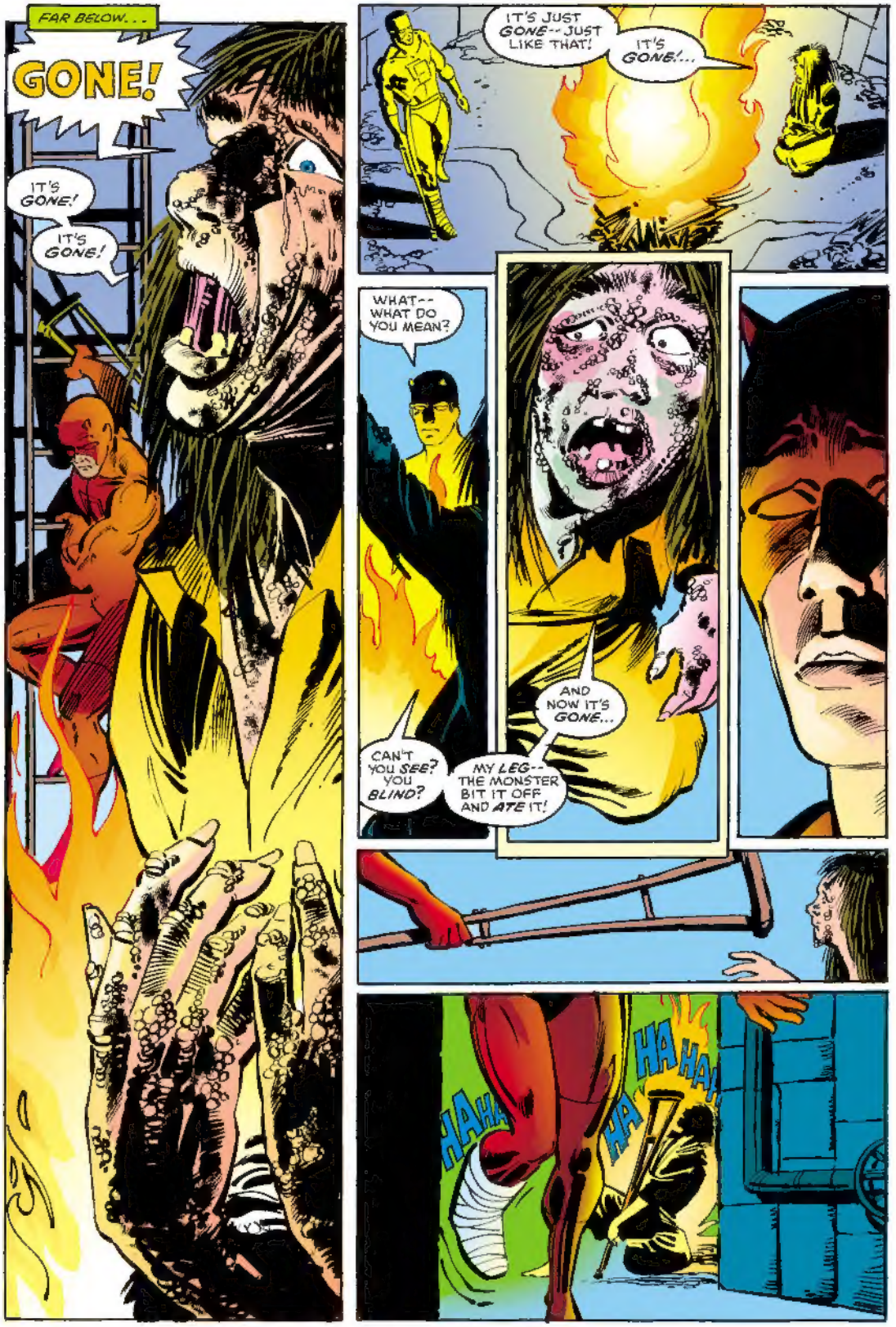
LATER...
...THEN THAT LADY ASSASSIN BEAT UP DAREDEVIL AND THEN SHE WENT AFTER YOU? WOW!
MUST'VE BEEN EXCITING!
SCARY IS WHAT IT WAS, KID. THOUGHT I WAS DEAD.
SPENT TWO WEEKS BREATHING THROUGH A TUBE AND THINKING ABOUT HOW STUPID IT WAS FOR A SECOND-RATE REPORTER TO PLAY HERO.
YOU MEAN...?
YEAH. SOON AS I GOT BACK TO THE OFFICE, I TOOK THAT ASSASSIN'S ADVICE AND SPIKED THE CHERRYH STORY.
BUT--IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE REAL IMPORTANT, ISN'T IT, MR. URICH? IF CHERRYH WINS THE ELECTION...
...NEW YORK WILL HAVE A GANGSTER FOR A MAYOR.
TOUGH. IT'S NOT MY FIGHT. NOT AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH.
THEN WHY DEVELOP THE PICTURES?
I'LL SELL THEM TO JAMESON FOR INVENTORY. I CAN USE THE BUCKS.
NICE SHOT OF THE KINGPIN HERE, AND CHERRYH.
WHO'S THIS?
JUST A BAG LADY WHO SEEMED TO HAVE A THING FOR THE KINGPIN. MIGHT AS WELL TOSS...
WAIT A SECOND. THAT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE...NAW, IT COULDN'T BE...
KID, RUN DOWN THE HALL AND GET ME MY KINGPIN FILE. NOW.

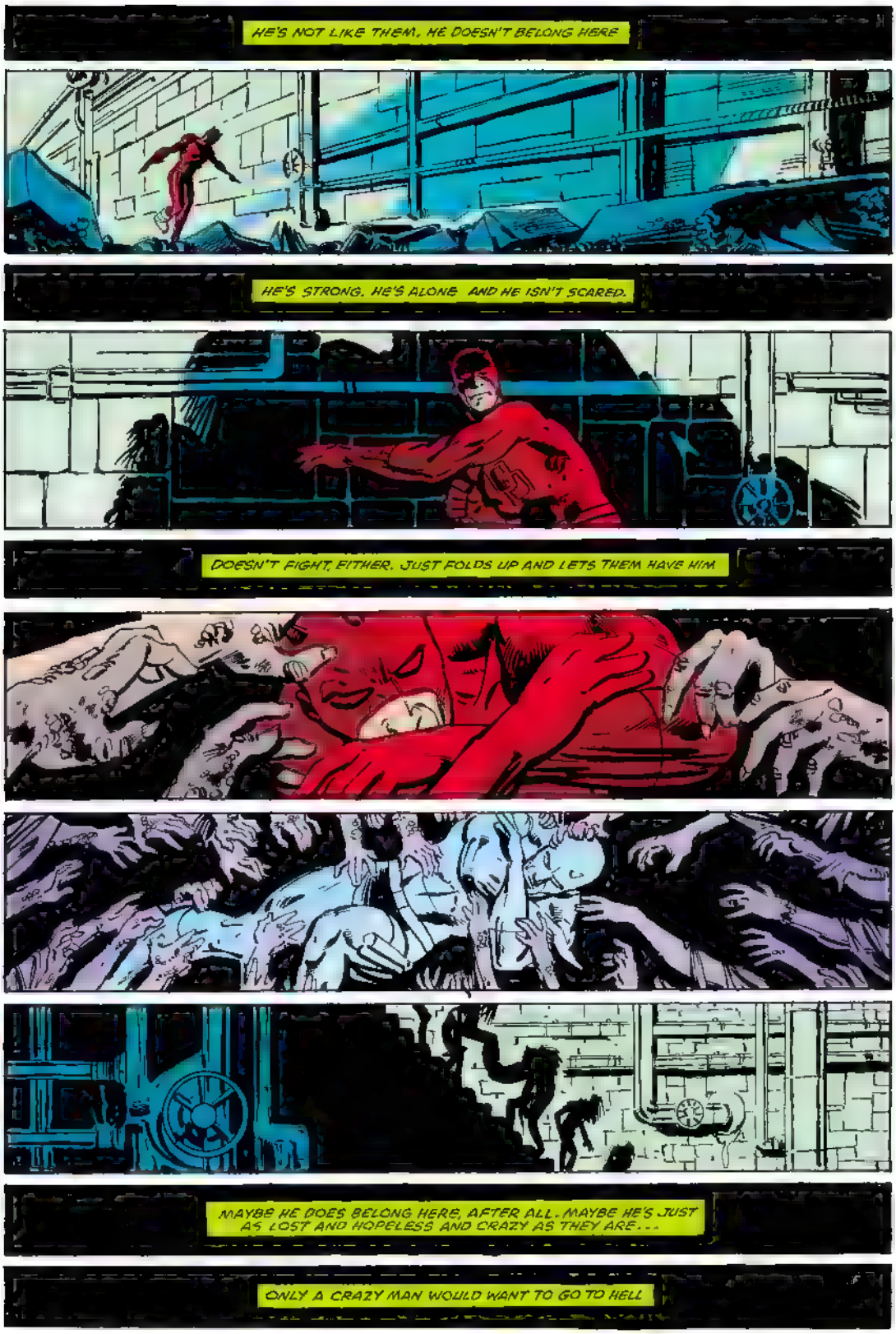

SOON...
WOULDA' THOUGHT YOU HAD OTHER WAYS OF GETTIN' AROUND AT TIMES LIKE THIS. LIKE A "DAREMOBILE," OR SOMETHIN'... HA HA... HEH...
WELL, HERE WE ARE.
UH-UH. NO WAY I'M COLLECTIN' ON THIS FARE, MR. DAREDEVIL!
I THANK YOU. MY FOOT THANKS YOU.
YOU KIDDIN'? WAIT'LL I TELL THE GUYS!
HEY-- YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THE SUBWAY! I'D BE HAPPY TO...
THAT'S OKAY. REALLY.
THIS IS WHERE YOU FOLLOWED HER?
YEAH. RIGHT DOWN THIS ABANDONED STRETCH OF TRACK.
YOU SURE IT'S HER?
NO. BUT THE RESEMBLANCE IS THERE.
AND THEY NEVER DID FIND HER BODY, YOU KNOW.
I KNOW. BUT I HADN'T EVEN HOPED THAT, AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS--
--THE KINGPIN'S WIFE MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE.

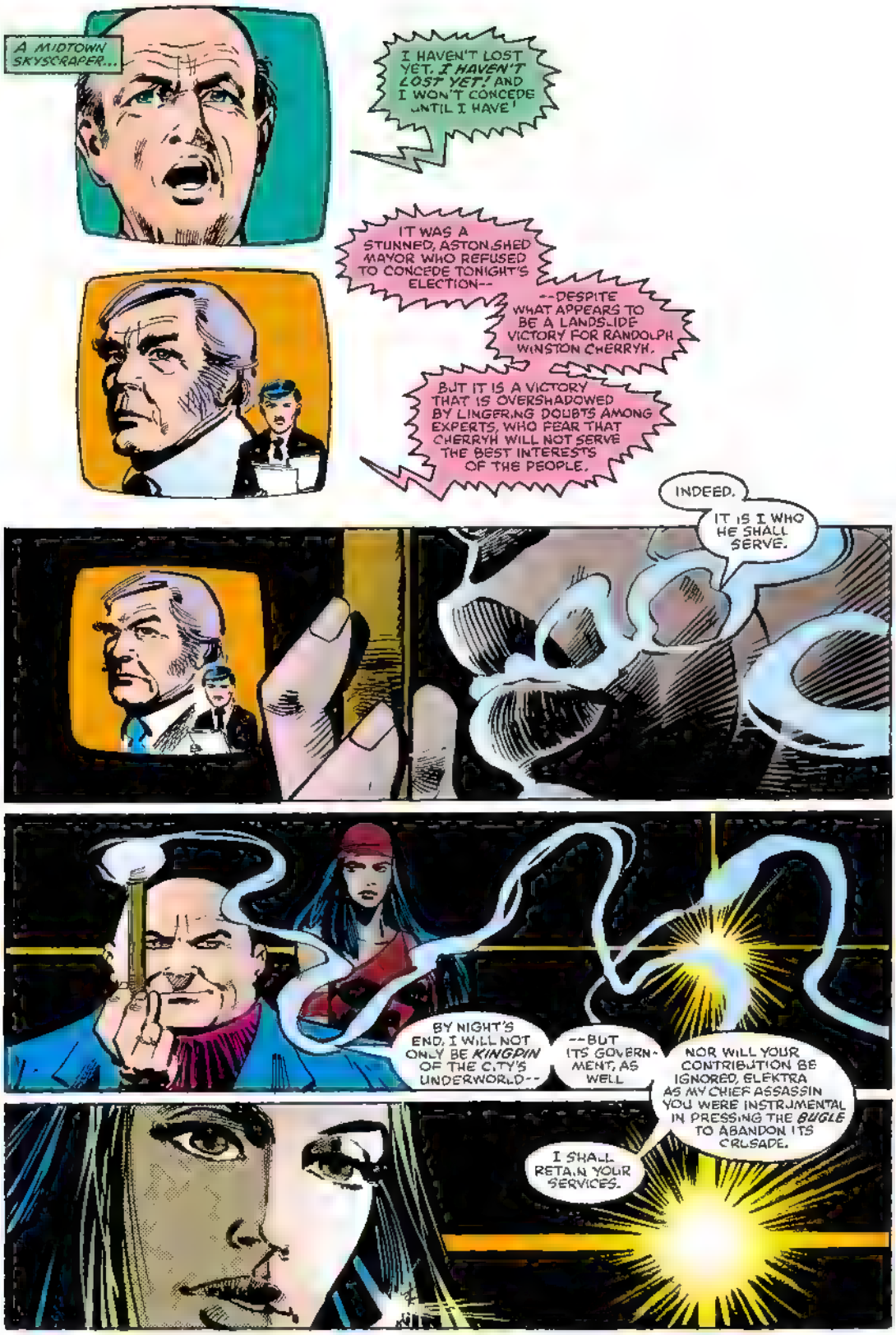
FOR YEARS, HIS LOVE FOR VANESSA WAS ALL THAT HELD THE KINGPIN BACK. BUT THEN THAT BUILDING COLLAPSED AROUND HER--
--AND HE'S BEEN UPPING THE CRIME RATE EVER SINCE.
HMM. THAT PIPE LOOKS PROMISING.
YOU THINK IF WE FIND HER THE KINGPIN WILL GO STRAIGHT?
NO. BUT THAT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER.
SHE WAS THE INNOCENT VICTIM OF A DEADLY POWER STRUGGLE. I HAVE TO FIND HER.
AND THERE'S ANOTHER REASON. I MIGHT BE ABLE TO...
SHHH!
I WASN'T SAYING ANYTH...
MOVEMENT-- AROUND THIS PIPE.
WE'RE BEING WATCHED.
LOTS OF RATS, DOWN THIS DEEP...
RATS DON'T HAVE HUMAN HEARTBEATS, BEN.
OKAY, OKAY.
HEY, LOOK AT TH... CHECK THIS OUT, MATT. PIPE GOES STRAIGHT DOWN, MAYBE A HUNDRED FEET, AND IT'S LIT.
WARM, TOO.
REALLY? FEELS COLD TO ME.
I'M GOING DOWN THERE.
YOU'RE GOING HOME.


BE CAREFUL, MATT. BE VERY CAREFUL.
'CAUSE EVEN THOUGH I'D GET TO WRITE THE STORY OF YOUR SECRET IDENTITY, IF YOU WERE PUT OUT OF ACTION--
--I'D RATHER YOU WEREN'T.
HEY, WHAT'S A PULITZER PRIZE BETWEEN FRIENDS, ANYWAY?
TAKK


THE MIDTOWN OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...
...WE CANNOT SUBSTANTIATE THE CHARGES MADE, IN RECENT EDITIONS OF OUR NEWSPAPER, AGAINST RANDOLPH WINSTON CHERRYH.
WITH THESE WORDS, J. JONAH JAMESON, PUBLISHER OF THE NEW YORK DAILY BUGLE, TODAY RETRACTED HIS CLAIMS THAT COUNCILMAN CHERRYH'S CAMPAIGN WAS SPONSORED BY ORGANIZED CRIME.
WITH FIVE PERCENT OF THE ELECTION RETURNS IN, CHERRYH IS NOW LEADING IN EVERY DISTRICT...
THEN-- I GUESS IT'S ALL OVER.
I'M SORRY, FOGGY. YOU AND MATT, YOU WORKED SO HARD AT DEFENDING THE BUGLE...
SURE WE DID. AND WE MIGHT HAVE WON IT, BECKY. WE'RE GOOD LAWYERS-- THE BEST--
--BUT YOU CAN'T DEFEND A CLIENT WHO FOLDS ON YOU.
THING IS, THERE'S MORE AT STAKE THAN THE REPUTATION OF NELSON AND MURDOCK. IF THE PEOPLE ELECT CHERRYH TONIGHT, THEY'LL BE HANDING THIS TOWN TO THE MOBS, AND THEY WON'T EVEN KNOW IT.
WHERE IS MATT, ANYWAY?
I DON'T KNOW. I TRIED HIM AT HOME.
FUNNY HOW HE DOES THAT. JUST UPS AND DISAPPEARS, FOR DAYS AT A TIME.
SOMETIMES I WONDER...


FAR BELOW...
GONE!
IT'S GONE!
IT'S GONE!
IT'S JUST GONE-- JUST LIKE THAT!
IT'S GONE!...
WHAT-- WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
CAN'T YOU SEE? YOU BLIND?
MY LEG-- THE MONSTER BIT IT OFF AND ATE IT!
AND NOW IT'S GONE...
HA HA HA
HA HA HA


HE'S NOT LIKE THEM. HE DOESN'T BELONG HERE
HE'S STRONG. HE'S ALONE AND HE ISN'T SCARED.
DOESN'T FIGHT, EITHER. JUST FOLDS UP AND LETS THEM HAVE HIM
MAYBE HE DOES BELONG HERE, AFTER ALL. MAYBE HE'S JUST AS LOST AND HOPELESS AND CRAZY AS THEY ARE...
ONLY A CRAZY MAN WOULD WANT TO GO TO HELL


A MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPER...
I HAVEN'T LOST YET. I HAVEN'T LOST YET! AND I WON'T CONCEDE UNTIL I HAVE!
IT WAS A STUNNED, ASTONISHED MAYOR WHO REFUSED TO CONCEDE TONIGHT'S ELECTION--
--DESPITE WHAT APPEARS TO BE A LANDSLIDE VICTORY FOR RANDOLPH WINSTON CHERRYH.
BUT IT IS A VICTORY THAT IS OVERSHADOWED BY LINGERING DOUBTS AMONG EXPERTS, WHO FEAR THAT CHERRYH WILL NOT SERVE THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.
INDEED.
IT IS I WHO HE SHALL SERVE.
BY NIGHT'S END, I WILL NOT ONLY BE KINGPIN OF THE CITY'S UNDERWORLD--
--BUT ITS GOVERNMENT, AS WELL
NOR WILL YOUR CONTRIBUTION BE IGNORED, ELEKTRA AS MY CHIEF ASSASSIN YOU WERE INSTRUMENTAL IN PRESSING THE BUGLE TO ABANDON ITS CRUSADE.
I SHALL RETAIN YOUR SERVICES.

MEANWHILE...

THESE GUYS SMELL *AWFUL*-- BUT THEY'RE GIVING ME A FREE RIDE.

LONG RIDE, TOO. HAD NO IDEA THE CITY WENT DOWN THIS FAR.

THEY SEEM ORGANIZED. MAYBE THEY'VE GOT A LEADER.

MAYBE HE CAN HELP ME...

WE'VE *STOPPED*--

WELL, WELL.

WHAT'VE WE GOT HERE?

HI. I'M THE BOSS DOWN HERE. THE KING.

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MAGGOTS?

I NEED YOUR HELP.

KING KING KING KING KING

I'M LOOKING FOR A WOMAN. HER NAME IS *VANESSA*

VVV.. NESSS...

IT'S HER! I'VE FOUND..

PLEASE, LET GO- I--

YOU WANT THE *QUEEN?!*

GOT YOUR NERVE, DON'T YOU? SHE'S *MINE*, *EVERYTHING* IS MINE DOWN HERE.

INCLUDING YOU.

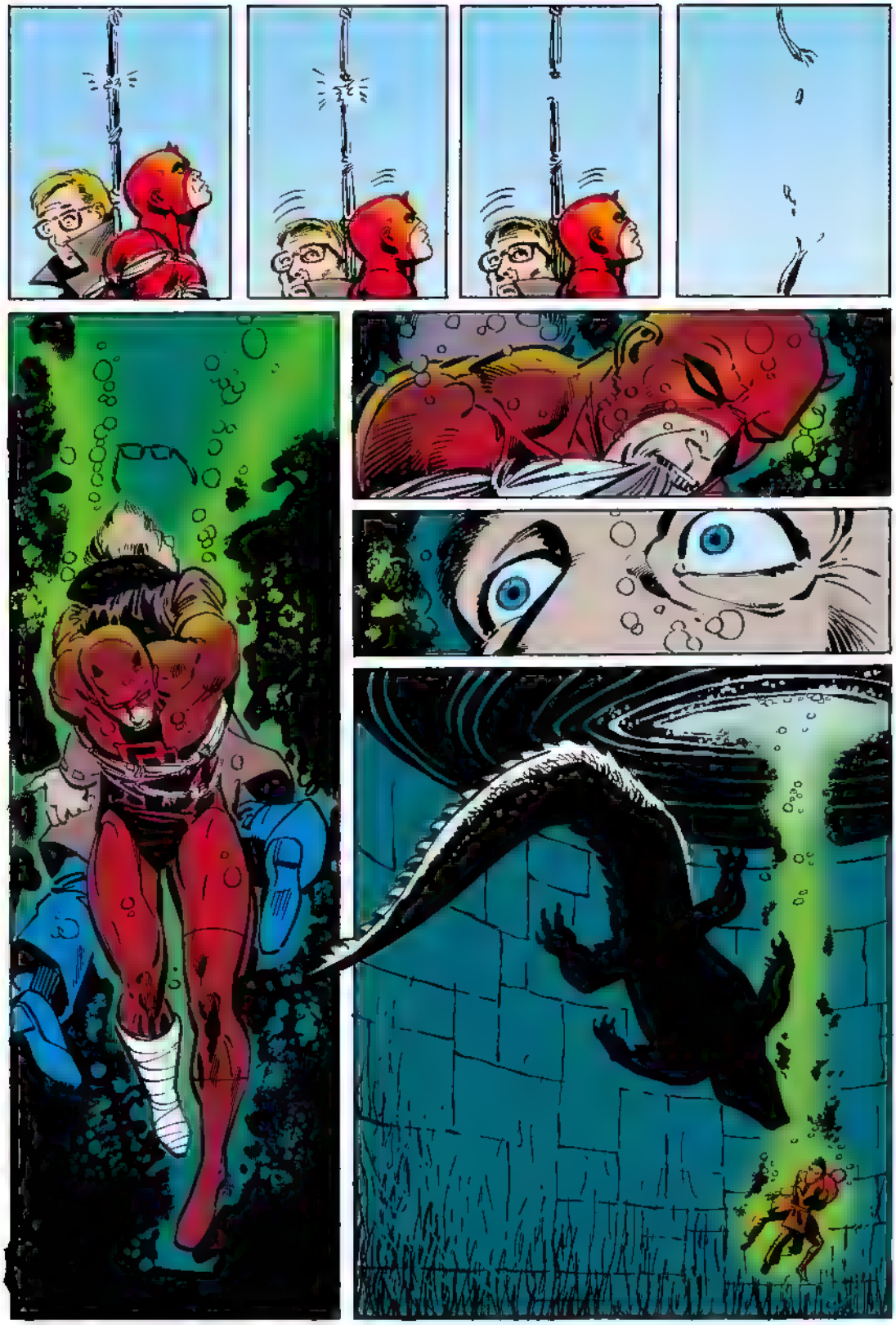
YOU'RE GONNA FEED THE *MONSTER* STRANGER GOOD THING. TOO. YOU'LL MAKE A NICE BEEFY *MAIN COURSE*--

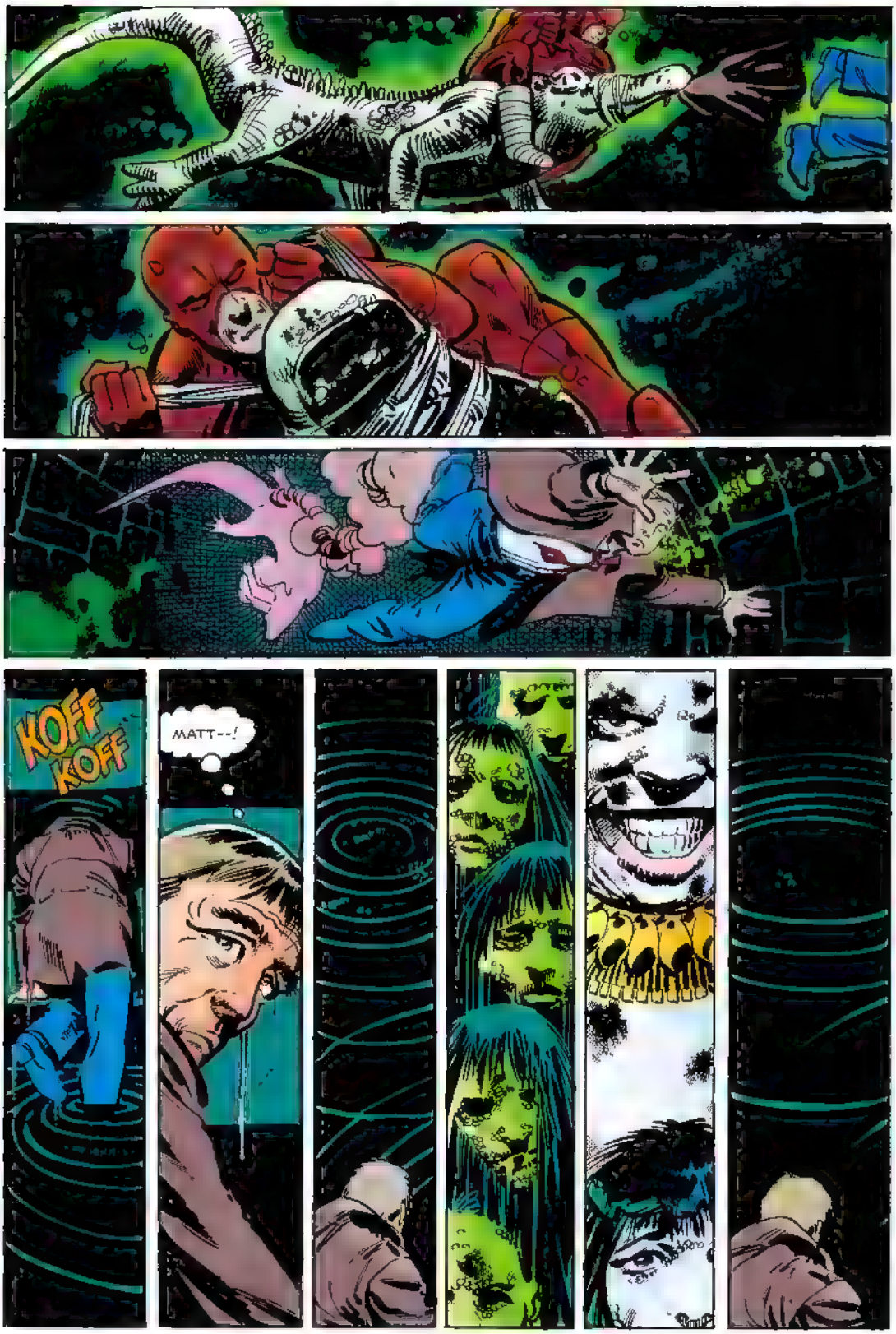
--AND THAT OTHER GUY WE CAUGHT HE'S TOO SKINNY TO BE MORE THAN A *SIDE ORDER*

BEN!

I THINK WE'RE IN TROUBLE, DD

SOON...
BEEN A WHILE SINCE HE ATE LAST BET HE'S REAL HUNGRY
HE WAS JUST A BABY WHEN I FOUND HIM--JUST A PET THAT SOMEBODY UP THERE FLUSHED DOWN THEIR TOILET. SO I FED HIM, AND HE GOT BIG.
MIGHT AS WELL START HIM OFF WITH A LITTLE APPETIZER.
NO--!
THAT SMELL...
BLOOD.



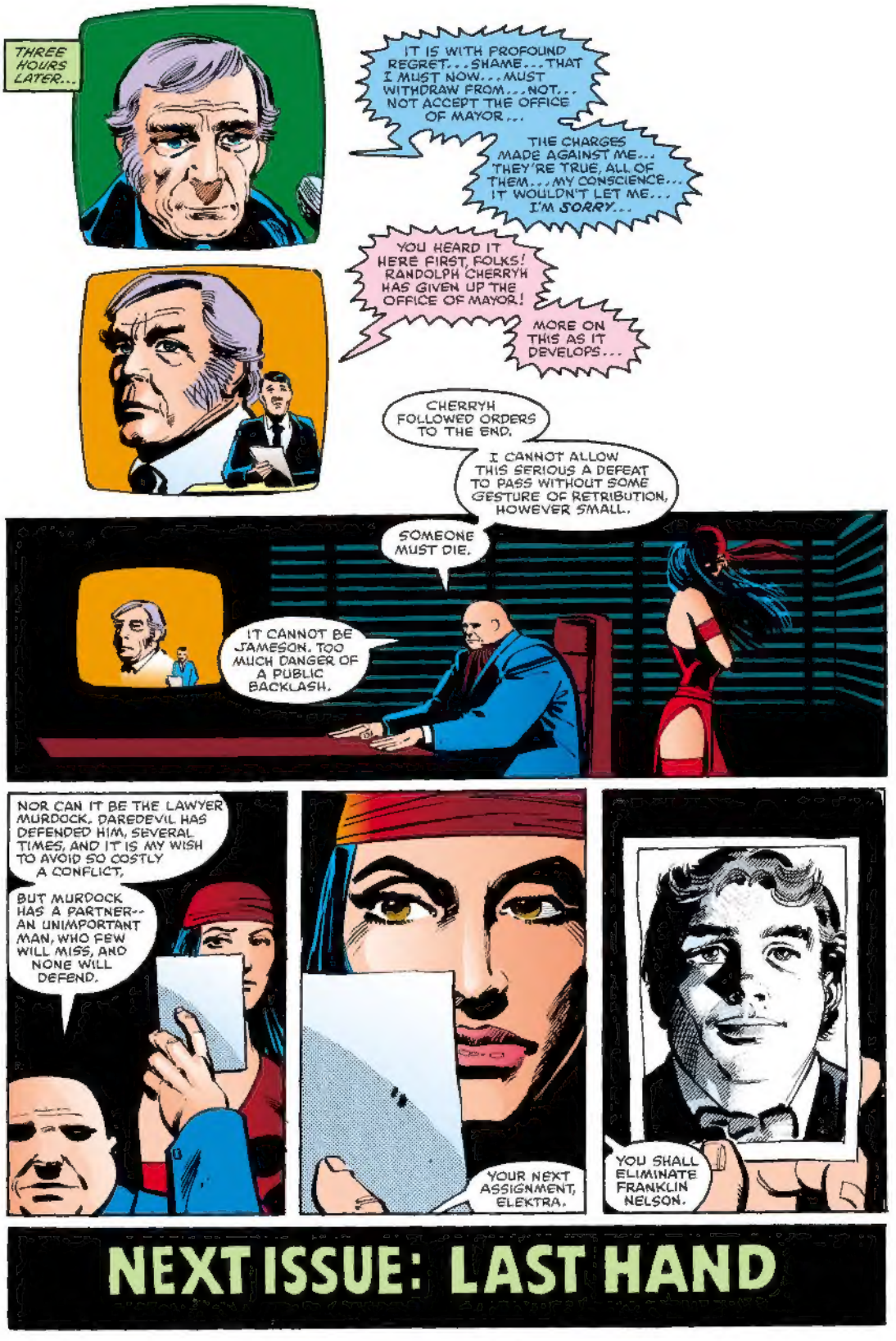

KOFF KOFF
MATT--!

THWAKK
KLUDD

SWAKK
CHOK
FAP?
WHUKK
NNNGGG
CHAK
CHOK

KING.
KING
KING
KING
KING
KING
KIN

A MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPER...
...AND LET ME ASSURE THE GOOD--THE GREAT--PEOPLE OF NEW YORK I WILL DISCHARGE THE DUTIES OF THIS OFFICE WITH PASSION--
--THAT TOGETHER, WE WILL MAKE NEW YORK CITY THE SPEARHEAD OF THIS ERA OF NATIONAL RENEWAL!
WITH THAT, RANDOLPH WINSTON CHERRYH ACCEPTED THE MANDATE OF THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK CITY--
--AND ENJOYED THE GREATEST LANDSLIDE VICTORY IN THE CITY'S HISTORY!
TAKK
VANESSA.
SHE'S ALIVE.
I HAVE HER.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
CHERRYH.


THREE HOURS LATER...
IT IS WITH PROFOUND REGRET...SHAME...THAT I MUST NOW...MUST WITHDRAW FROM...NOT... NOT ACCEPT THE OFFICE OF MAYOR...
THE CHARGES MADE AGAINST ME... THEY'RE TRUE, ALL OF THEM...MY CONSCIENCE... IT WOULDN'T LET ME... I'M SORRY...
YOU HEARD IT HERE FIRST, FOLKS! RANDOLPH CHERRYH HAS GIVEN UP THE OFFICE OF MAYOR!
MORE ON THIS AS IT DEVELOPS...
CHERRYH FOLLOWED ORDERS TO THE END.
I CANNOT ALLOW THIS SERIOUS A DEFEAT TO PASS WITHOUT SOME GESTURE OF RETRIBUTION, HOWEVER SMALL.
SOMEONE MUST DIE.
IT CANNOT BE JAMESON. TOO MUCH DANGER OF A PUBLIC BACKLASH.
NOR CAN IT BE THE LAWYER MURDOCK. DAREDEVIL HAS DEFENDED HIM, SEVERAL TIMES, AND IT IS MY WISH TO AVOID SO COSTLY A CONFLICT.
BUT MURDOCK HAS A PARTNER--AN UNIMPORTANT MAN, WHO FEW WILL MISS, AND NONE WILL DEFEND.
YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT, ELEKTRA.
YOU SHALL ELIMINATE FRANKLIN NELSON.
NEXT ISSUE: LAST HAND